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The Heavens Declare the Glory of God



By
Rev. D. B. Marsh,
Sc.D., F.R.A.S.

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"Each of those stars is a religious house;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise,
And heard hosannas ring through every sphere."

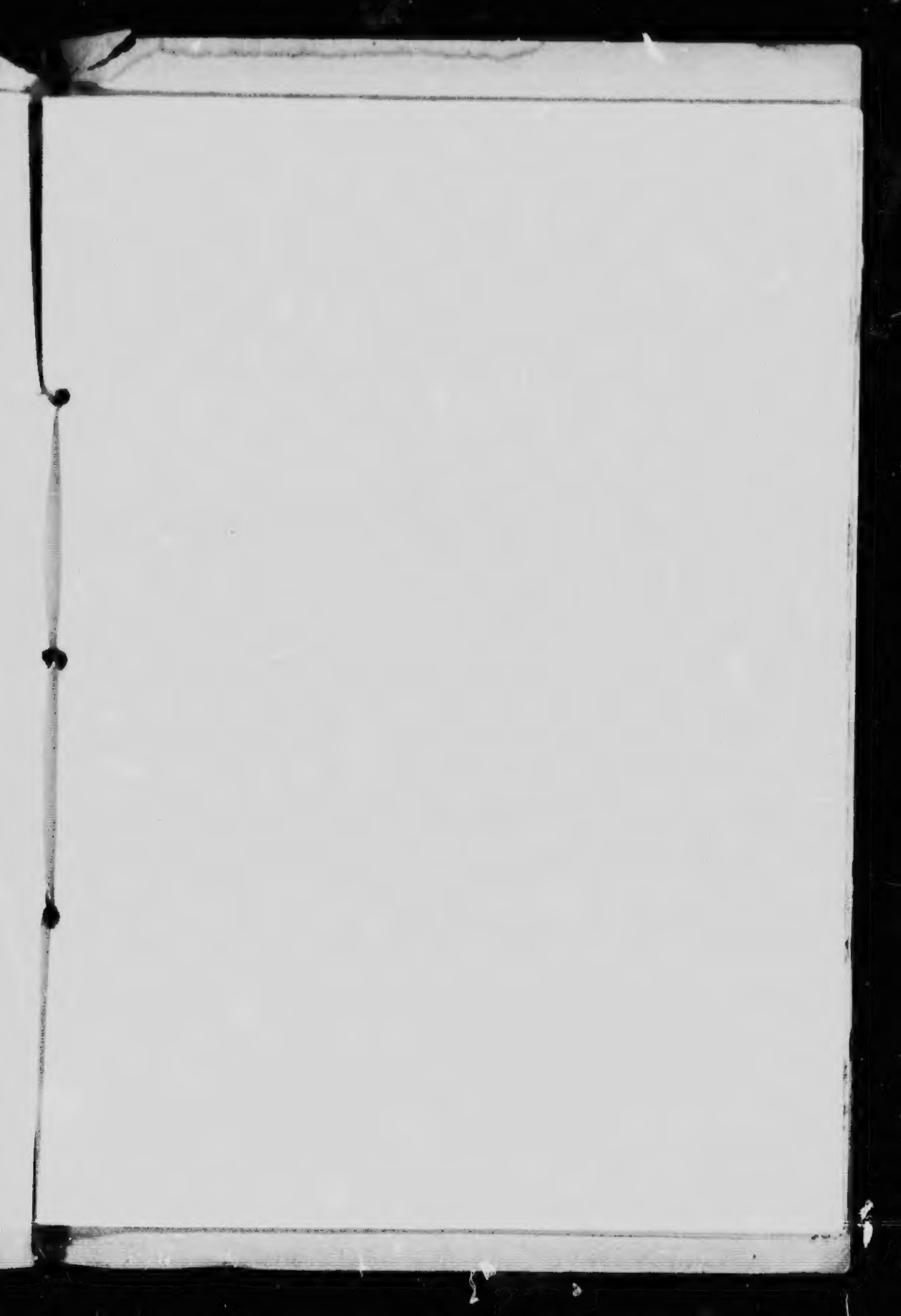
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REV. D. B. MARSH,
Hamilton, at the Depart-
ment of Agriculture.





Photographed, by the Author, with 5-inch Brashear telescope.

MOON AT FIRST QUARTER

June 29th, 1906

Soon: as the evening's shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

The Heavens Declare the Glory of God

THAT great ceiling fretted with gold, and ornamented with quivering points of light, supported without pillars, without abutments or foundations; that stately canopy, bedecked with stars, and sufficiently spacious to form a covering for suns innumerable, and their planetary companions, has from all time been the study of him who is made like unto his God.

From time unknown man has sought to learn the great book open before him. To know something of those mighty orbs that roll along the space of the sky and to trace the Creator's steps in yonder starry plains, has

been the desire of thoughtful man from time immemorial.

As the glories of spring give us a view of the work of the great artist, as the stores of nature reveal the beneficence of the bountiful provider, as the mid-day sun gives us a ray of his eternal brightness, so surely the caverns of stellar space introduce us to the mysteries of the perfections of the ALMIGHTY.

The Bible reveals God's love and mercy. The book of nature presents His wisdom and His goodness: but yonder starry vault with wide-open pages displays His power, and His glory.

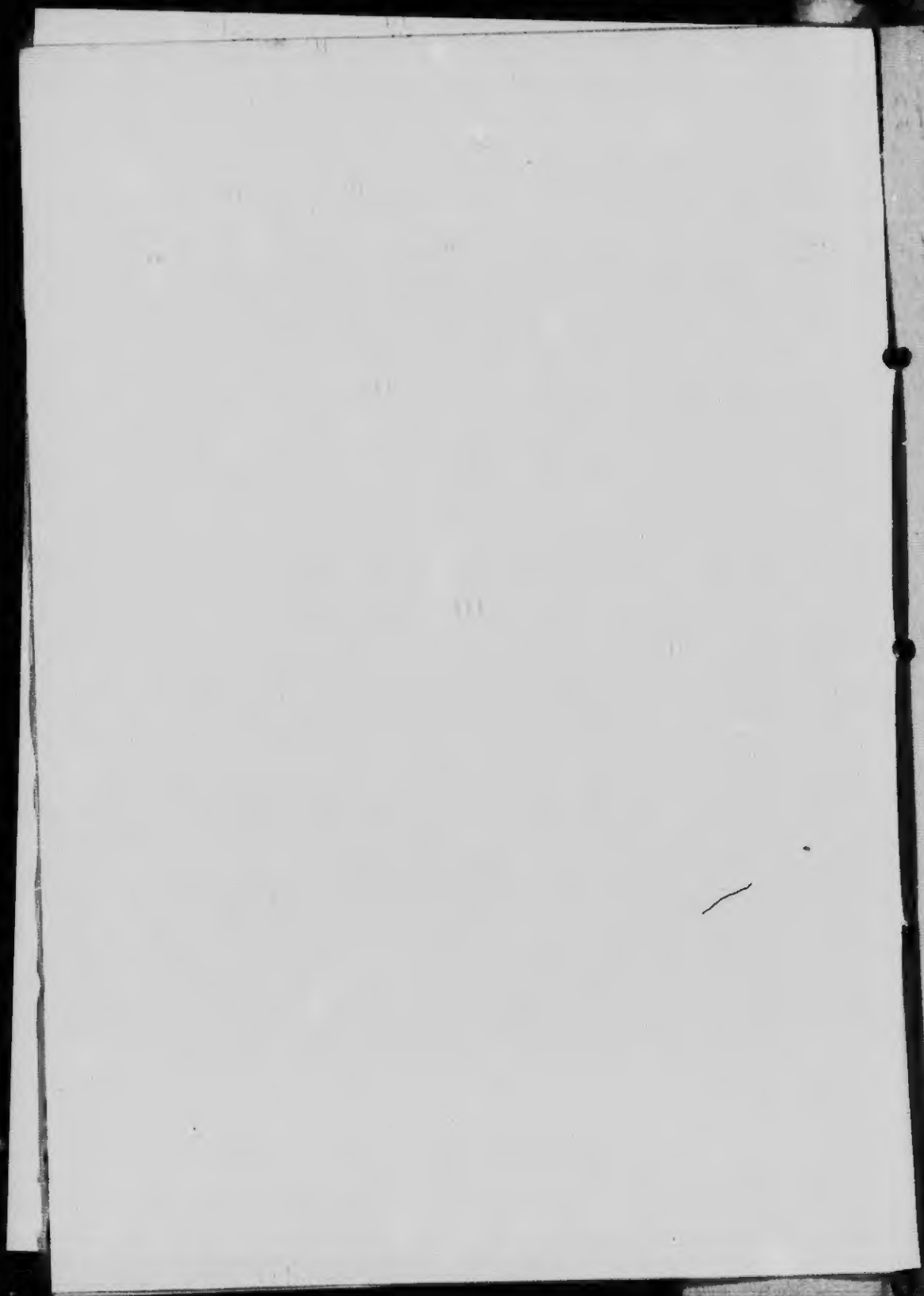
The sun with his radiant hono r, the moon with her pale light of molten silver, the planets in their unutterable silence, the stars like thousands of golden tapers fixed in their sockets, all pouring out their light, tell the



Photographed, by the Author, with 5-inch Brashear telescope.

FULL MOON, JULY 5th, 1906

"It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as
a faithful witness in heaven."—Ps. 89 : 37.



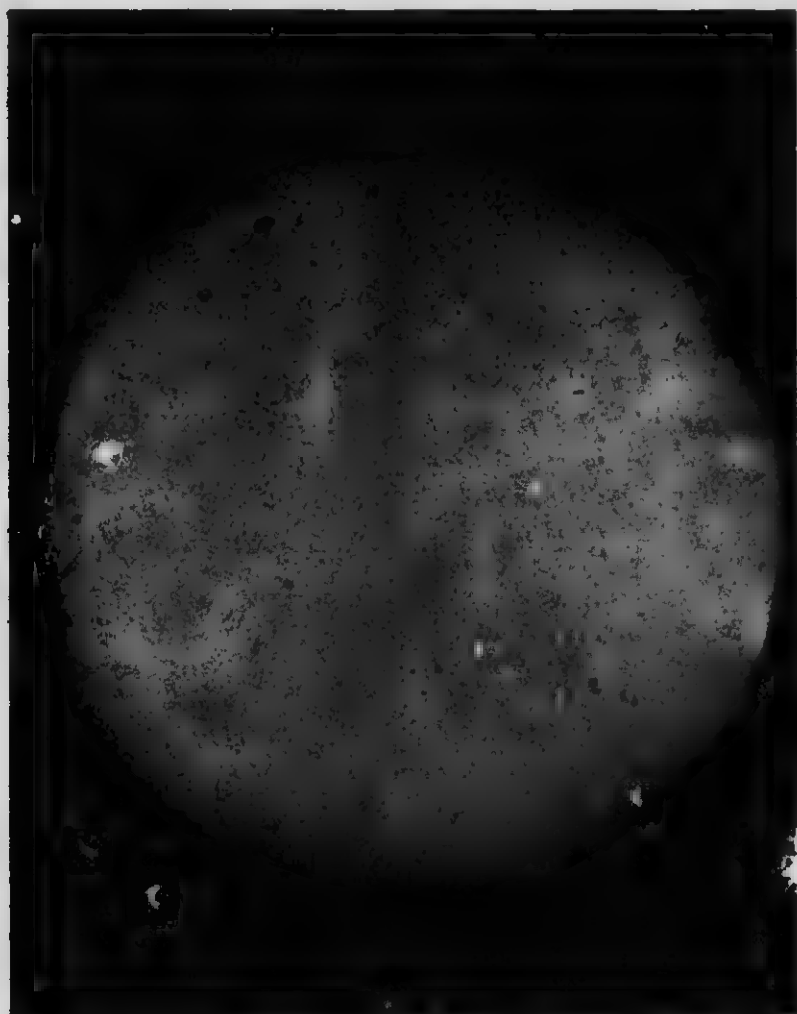
story of HIS OMNIPOTENCE.

Looking upward to the sky on a clear moonless night, shining points meet the eye in every direction. As I gaze upward to that gilded roof with those celestial lamps glittering through the gloom—Stars, methinks you beckon me! Eternal lamps, your splendor inspires me! Divine, monitors, I understand your meaning, and I, even I, also will strive to obey Him who said: "Let your light so shine among men."

To inquire into the mystery of those countless orbs circling through never-ending time in limitless space, to lift the curtain of nature and to inquire into the great cosmos, has been the effort of man in the past—is the effort of man now—and will be for all time to come. With all the

knowledge of centuries at his feet, with the best instrumental equipment that the world to-day can provide, with the spectro-scope—that subtle thing of recent invention by which light waves are measured and classified—the sensitive plate, the climax of the chemical laboratory—the telescope, the fruit of man's genius, by which he can pierce the gloom far beyond the pall of earthly night—with the faith of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles and martyrs to stand upon; yet with all this, man is able only to spell but a syllable of His eternal name, and catch but a glimpse of His Glory.

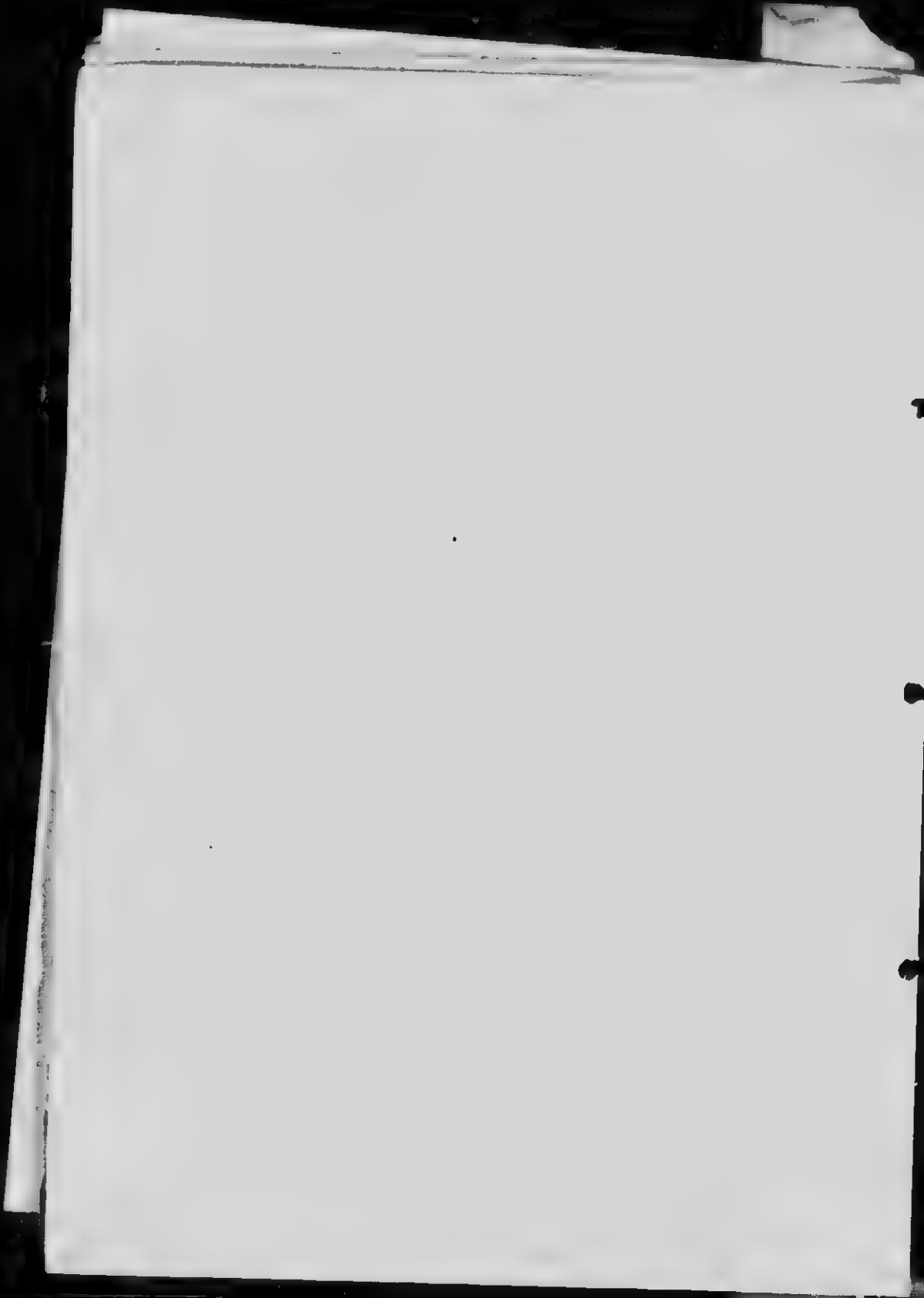
As the mysteries of the love of God to the world can never be fathomed, as the secrets of nature upon the ocean wave, on the mountain top, in the flower of the field, or in the bowels of



Photographed by the Author.

THE SUN, JULY 27th, 1906

For the Lord God is a sun."—Ps. 84:11.



the earth can never by man be understood, neither can man ever know the mysteries concealed in the depths of space.

Contemplating the star-strewn heavens, the poet Shelley wrote:

"Below stretched the universe there,
Far as the remotest line
That bounds imagination's flight,
Countless and unending orbs
In mazy motion intermingled,
Yet each fulfilled immutably
Eternal nature's law.
Above, below, around,
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony;
Each with undeviating aim,
In eloquent silence, through the
depth of space,
Pursued its wondrous way."

The abyss of this immense concave, radiant with millions of constellations, tinged with shades of infinite color, surely is a wondrous sight, and mocks all human grandeur.

"Say proud arch; built with divine
ambition.

Built in disdain of limit.

Built in the taste of heaven.

Vast concave: ample dome:

Wast thou designed a meet apart-
ment for deity?"

Is it by this, **THY POWER**
and **GLORY** to man is revealed?

On a clear night about four
thousand stars are visible to the
unaided eye. With a large tele-
scope, such as the Lick or the
Yerkes, about one hundred
millions can be seen. By the
aid of the photographic plate,
one thousand millions are re-
vealed. But these are not all.
For only from the vestibule of
HIS great house are these photo-
graphs taken. The poet, caught
up by the Spirit of God, wrote:

"Come forth, O man, yon azure
round survey,

And view those lamps that yield
eternal day.

Bring forth thy glasses, clear thy
wondering eyes,

For millions beyond the former
millions rise.

Look farther: millions more blaze
from remoter skies."

Surely the view is profound!
Suns and worlds intermingled
float between suns and worlds, in
the unlimitable depths of ether.

What an extent of creation!
What numbers! What variety!
What velocity of motion! Who
but GOD could fashion them?
What but the power of the
ALMIGHTY could bowl them
through the circuit of the heavens
with such accuracy? GOD
rounded in his palms those pon-
derous bodies. He kindled those
bright fires that fill the firmament
with mysterious light. He
weighed them in the balances

of His might, and by the breath
of His nostrils they sweep to the
shores of eternity, returning only
as His laws direct. "For ever
singing as they shine, the hand
that made us is divine."

Ye winds that howl in the
stormy blast, or whisper in the
breeze of summer; ye waves
that wash the beach of coral
strands, join in the chorus. Ye
lightnings blaze to His honor.
Thunders, sound His praise.
Oceans, roll the anthem. Minutest
creation, display His meekness.
Ye planets that roll in your
primeval glory, take up the strain.
Great Suns, address your homage
to Him who kindled your fires!
Majestic dome, gilded roof,
azure canopy, what a display
of the Power and Glory of the
ALMIGHTY!



Photographed by Professor Ritchie, Yerkes Observatory.

N. G. C. 6992. CYGNUS.

"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number : he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power ; not faileth."—Isa. 40 : 26.